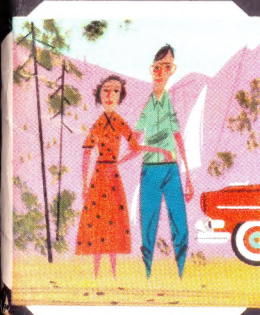
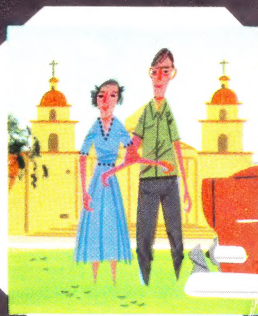


FORD TIMES

june 1954





painting by Charles Harper

OLD-TIME musicians in the mountains of West Virginia have a technique called “beating the strings,” in which two performers play a single violin at the same time. Here Andrew Burnside is shown bowing the melody while Gilbert Massey beats the strings with a couple of sticks, giving the effect of a second, accompanying instrument. The music has an Oriental flavor, but the melodies—such as “Hell up Cold Holler”—are as American as pork and beans. This occasion was the annual West Virginia Folk Festival, which is dedicated to the preservation of mountaineer music, crafts, legends and traditions. See, “They Make Mountain Music,” by Charles Harper, with paintings by the author, on page 32. ■

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SKYLINE DRIVE—

He Saves Beauty to Share It

by O. A. Fitzgerald
paintings by Alfred Dunn

IDAHO's new Skyline Drive is one mountain road job on which wildflowers have been more powerful than bulldozers. That was because Virgil T. McCroskey, retired druggist and wheat farmer at Oakesdale, Washington, wanted to save and share the beauty along his mountain ridge.

Skyline Drive is no boulevard—just another mountain road—but for nearly all of its thirty miles it satisfies folks who like air views with their four tires still firmly on solid ground. To the west and south roll the grain fields of the great Palouse, one of the nation's top grain producers, broken by the canyons of the Columbia and the Snake and their feeders. To the east and north stretches an endless blanket of timber, the green of the forest and the blue of the mountain sky meeting in the misty distance of Montana and British Columbia. Poking out of the ridge are four distinct peaks, each reached by a short drive off the main road.

You get on Skyline Drive from either direction. If you are on U. S. 95 in Idaho, watch for the "Skyline Drive" arrow about sixty miles south of Coeur d'Alene and follow it westward. Or, from U.S. 195 in Washington, turn off at Rosalia and drive eastward to Farmington, on the state line, then follow McCroskey's road markers. There are no toll charges.

Sporting welcome signs at both ends and picnic spots along the way, McCroskey's mountain drive is the realization of a

Above right: Wildflowers—some specially planted—are everywhere.

Below right: Drive carefully—deer also travel on Skyline Drive!



boy's love for mountains and trees. Moreover, it is his memorial to his mother, who raised her family in that same country in the buckskin days when Indians pressed their painted faces against the windows of homesteaders' cabins and laughed at the frightened faces inside.

"Some folks spend their whole lifetime beautifying an estate," McCroskey explained, sitting in the shade of a weather-beaten tree at a spot he calls the "Rim of the World." (That is one of the many viewpoints in his road; he has pet names for all of them.) "They spend a lot of money but sometimes all the beauty quickly disappears after they are gone, particularly if the property falls into the hands of someone who has no similar interests. Somehow I have a feeling that this road, which opens so much beauty to so many, will endure after my time."

The greatest endurance potential of McCroskey's memorial is the fact that machinery is in motion to make Skyline Drive and the 2,000-acre right-of-way he has purchased into an Idaho state park.

As a boy, McCroskey lived near Steptoe Butte, which rears its lonely head 1500 feet above the grain fields of eastern Washington. From its summit, at the age of seven, he got his first glimpse of what is now Skyline Drive ridge. He was entranced with this view of more country than he had ever before seen from one spot. But what caught his eye was the solid bank of forest green to the east. Then and there he fell in love with the ridge where the pines meet the prairies.

Money for the purchase of the 2,000 acres of land and building the road came from his drug store and from the sale of the 640-acre family farm. For sixteen years McCroskey operated the store at Colfax, almost within Steptoe's shadow. But he couldn't stand being fenced in by a prescription counter, so he went back to farming. Thirteen years ago the call of the mountain ridge was so great he sold the farm.

Make a swing across Skyline Drive on a fall day and you are likely to see McCroskey building camp tables, bulldozing

At the Pioneer Picnic on Skyline Drive→



out a parking area for more cars, helping some community group build an outdoor fireplace, or having the time of his life with Boy Scouts gathering wildflower seeds.

Spring sees some of his slopes a solid red from Indian paintbrush. Others, equally colorful in years past, haven't enough red to suit him. Heavy sheep grazing before he acquired the land killed the plants. So McCroskey and the Scouts gather seed where it is abundant, scatter it where the hills need a few more daubs of springtime color. He has transplanted some wildflowers, even carried water to give them a good send-off.

"The road was supposed to come across here," he explained at one point. "But when we got here with the bulldozer, I saw it would go through this lovely little bed of kinnikinnick."

That explains one wide swing in the road. Others, too.

McCroskey's regard for that bed of kinnikinnick, a member of the huckleberry family, typifies the priority which flowers and shrubs have had on the road. Kinnikinnick was used by the Indians, the red berries for dyes and medicines, the leaves for smoking when tobacco was unavailable. McCroskey still sees a need for it. Grouse, which can be seen along the road, are fond of the berries. So are bears. Deer like the leaves.

As long as McCroskey lives—and he's right agile and active, rolling out his blankets many a night and sleeping under the stars along his road—Skyline Drive will never be finished. He's bursting with plans for the development of a four-hundred-acre Boy Scout camp in a cove kept cool on the hottest summer days by majestic cedar, a picnic area where at least five thousand can gather, and a dam that will create a lake more than a mile long.

Every day that he is up on Skyline Drive he looks across the grain fields to the lonely sentinel of the Rockies he climbed as a boy. Then he looks to the four mountains sticking out of Skyline Drive ridge—Mission, Huckleberry, Mineral, and one yet to be named—and realizes that when one goes into partnership with Nature to preserve thirty miles of beauty and make it available to all, it's a never-ending task. ■

Steptoe Butte, from Point Sublime→



Down by the

Old Water Wheel

by LeRoy Congdon

PICTURESQUE as most water wheels are, few of them now serve any useful purpose other than adding to the beauty of a shady stream. However, the one pictured at right is an exception. Located just outside St. Louis, it has been working steadily for the past twenty-six years supplying electric power to local users.

The water wheel was built by a group of St. Louis families who were planning summer homes in the area. W. K. Norris, heading the group, was attracted by the possibility of harnessing the power of the fast-moving trout stream, known as Bunker Hill Springs, which for many years had provided 52-degree water to a nearby trout hatchery. When complete the wheel generated enough electricity for at least two city conveniences—electric lights and running water.

In 1946 the St. Louis YMCA purchased the site for a conference and family campground, now called Trout Lodge. The wheel, which still turns day and night, became a principal attraction—second only to trout fishing. Three and a half million gallons of water pour over it each twenty-four hours, generating sufficient power to floodlight the entire campground. The lights are left burning all night, to the consternation of many visitors, but if they were turned off the wheel would have to be shut down—the caretaker explains—and the power is “free” anyway.

For several summers, Jim Harmon, president of the St. Louis Artists' Guild, has brought students on painting trips to Trout Lodge. He did the watercolor at upper right which provides an interesting companion piece to the same subject as photographed by the author. ■



"Don't Miss Mystic, Mister"

by Dana Burnet

paintings by Maxwell Mays

ONE day last summer, walking down Main Street in my home town of Stonington, Connecticut, I heard a native say to the driver of a car that had pulled up beside him at the curb:

"You don't want to miss Mystic, Mister!"

Evidently the people in the car were tourists who had stopped to ask my fellow townsman what local points of interest they should visit, and he was directing them to the Marine Museum at Mystic, some five miles away.

It was good advice. If you are planning a vacation trip to New England this year, you will be well rewarded by a visit to the Marine Historical Association's unique museum on the east bank of Mystic River at Mystic, Connecticut, on U.S. 1. To those who tend to shrink at the word "museum" I hasten to say that this one is far more than a mausoleum of maritime antiques. The antiques are there, neatly housed in three main buildings; they include innumerable mementoes of the sea-going past, from ships' models to scrimshaw work, from magnificent figureheads to whaling irons, from a piece of the rudder of the mutiny ship *Bounty* to rare pictures, carved on two whale's teeth, of the *Acushnet*, the ship in which Herman Melville sailed, to write later his great sea-epic, "Moby Dick."

I can give only a hint of the treasures to be found in the buildings of the museum proper, but as you enter the premises you will see a sight more familiar to our forefathers than to us: the tall masts of old sailing ships lying at the dock that thrusts out into the river. Here, resting high and dry on a bed of concrete and shingle, is the *Charles W. Morgan*, and when you board her you will be treading the deck of the last of the



Museum buildings, sailing ships, and seaport village

Free—A New England Travelbook

This story by Mr. Burnet is one of over fifty articles that have been published in booklet form under the title, "New England Journeys—Number 2," the all-new, second edition of a travelbook available free from the New England Ford dealers to all persons planning a visit to the six-state region this summer. You may have your copy, as well as a decorative map of New England, by dropping in at any New England Ford dealer's, or by writing to New England Journeys, Dept. F, Back Bay P. O. Box 151, Boston, Massachusetts.

whaleships, built in New Bedford in 1841, which in eighty years of service on thirty-seven voyages made \$2,000,000 for her owners.

Not far from the *Morgan* lies the *Joseph Conrad*, a famous iron-hulled ship, built in Copenhagen in 1882, which Alan Villiers once sailed around the world with a crew of teen-aged boys. Here, too, is the seventy-five-foot, two-masted schooner *Australia*, typical coasting vessel of a bygone day, as well as such historic souvenirs as a huge rusted anchor lost from a British man-of-war during the Revolution, a forty-two-pound carronade from our own "Old Ironsides," and the rudder of the famous yacht *America*, this last being enshrined in the original home of the New York Yacht Club, which in 1949 was transported by barge to Mystic.

To students of ships and the sea, the museum offers a valuable library. But in addition to this, and to its remarkable collection of marine curios, its ships and boats, its carvings and paintings, the association has built on its property a typical small New England seaport village of a hundred years ago. The sidewalk of its single street is laid with Connecticut flagstones more than a century old and the street itself is paved with time-worn cobblestones. Along it, facing the waterfront, are representative buildings that include a shipowners' counting house; a seamen's chapel; a one-room schoolhouse; an apothecary shop; a woodcarver's shop; a firehouse complete with hand-pumped fire engine; a ship-smith's shop; a sail loft and rigging loft and a rope walk 250 feet long in which were once spun the hemp cables for the rigging and running gear of the clipper ships, whalers, sealers and slavers that once sailed from New England to the ends of the earth.

The museum is on State Highway 27, which runs between Connecticut 84 and U.S. 1. Admission is one dollar; children, twenty-five cents.

No matter what section of the country you come from, if you're heading for New England—

"You don't want to miss Mystic, Mister!"

The yard of the Marine Museum, Mystic, Connecticut→



Headwaters of Two Great Rivers

story and photographs by Ernst C. Peterson

TRAVELERS following the historic trail of the Lewis and Clark Expedition in this year of its sesquicentennial will find one of their greatest thrills in crossing the Lemhi Pass between Montana and Idaho. Here Captain Meriwether Lewis and three men on a reconnaissance from the main party on August 12, 1805, became the first white men to stand on the Continental Divide in this region. The pass later became a main crossing of the Rockies for trapping expeditions. But easier routes have since been found, and as a result this section of the West remains much the same as when it was first seen by the explorers on their famous travels of 1804-1806.

Leaving U. S. 91 at Armstead, Montana, the modern traveler follows a lonely gravel road along the historic Horse Prairie Creek and then winds up Trail Creek to cross the Bitterroot Range into Idaho—a distance of thirty-three miles from the main highway.

A few hundred yards east of the Divide there is a bubbling mountain spring (*picture, above right*) which Captain Lewis eloquently noted in his journal as the “most distant fountain of the waters of the Mighty Missouri in surch of which we have spent so many toilsome days and wristless nights.” At the same time, McNeal, a member of the party, straddled the stream in a “fit of enthusiasm” and shouted his thanks to God that he had lived long enough to “bestride the mighty and heretofore endless Missouri.”

Scarcely a mile farther west, on the other side of the Divide, there is another spring; this one flows toward the Pacific Ocean (*below right*). At this spot Lewis paused and marveled at the maze of mountains surrounding him, and noted, “Here I first tasted the waters of the great Columbia River.” ■





Custom Conversions

Pickups Are Popular

by Burgess H. Scott



MANY CAR restyling hobbyists these days are busy at a sideline of converting wrecked cars or old junkers into rather snappy

pickups. Although these cars generally turn out to be more pets than working trucks, they reveal interesting flights of automotive fancy.

On this page are photographs of a wrecked 1952 Ford Victoria, and a deluxe pickup made from it by Jake Jacobsen and Bill Traylor, proprietors of a San Diego body shop. The pickup bed was made from one-quarter-inch plate steel



and set low to make loading and unloading easy during its light hauling chores. The truck's main function was to advertise the quality of the shop's body work, and to this end it has been more than successful. The owners recently turned down an offer of \$3,000 for the unit.

Carl H. Netsch of the U. S. Navy sent in the snapshot above of a 1930 Model A roadster which his father and brother converted to a light-duty pickup back home in Manchester, New Hampshire. They equipped it with 6.00 x 16 tires and '46 Ford hub caps, and installed sealed beam headlights, fog lights, and turn indicators. The pickup bed is of wood,

stained and varnished. The top, which appears to be of cloth, is formed from sheet metal. The Model A has now been in the family for twenty-four years.

Oliver Nelson, caretaker of a 2,060-acre game refuge in Fairmount, Maryland, needed a car to drive over his grounds on inspection trips. He bought a 1930 Model A coupe at a junk yard and converted it into the pickup and utility car shown in the photograph below.

Nelson installed the special sloping grille to keep limbs and underbrush from punching through his radiator. He took the sides of the hood from another make of car and used 1941 Ford wheels. ■





Sojourn at Turkey Run

story and paintings by Cecile R. Johnson

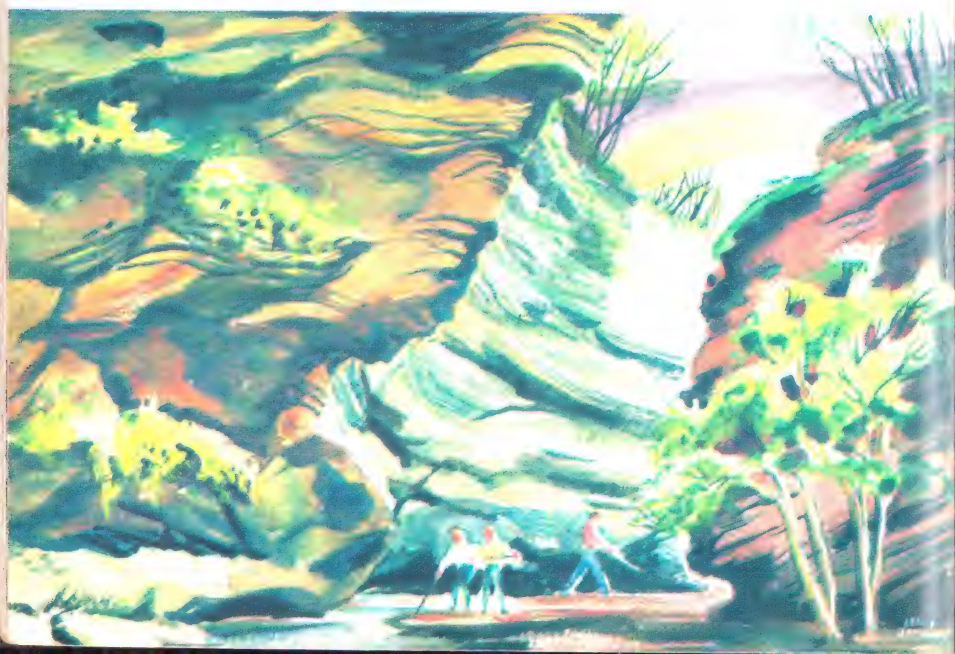
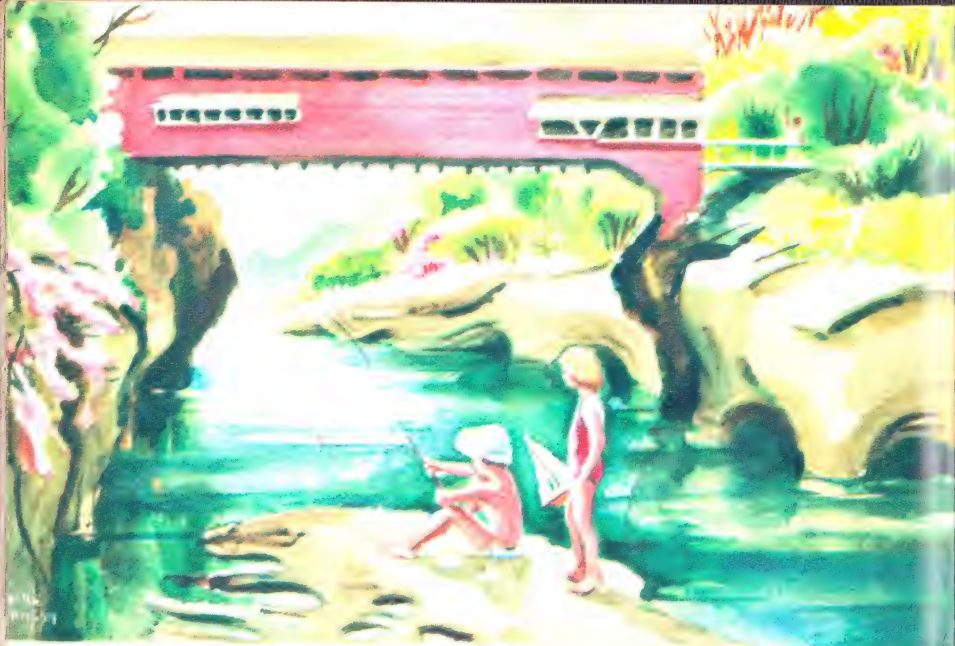
THE APPROACH to Indiana's Turkey Run State Park, a short turn from busy U.S. Highway 41, gives no rumor that the broad, forest-fringed meadows are deeply ravined by a wide and shining creek. But when you leave your car and climb down the limestone cliffs to this nostalgic stream, you know you are in Indiana—where the towns have story book names such as Shakerag Hollow, Gnaw Bone, Bean Blossom, Stoney Lonesome and Santa Claus.

The visitor, as he checks in at the spacious lodge or a rustic cabin, wheels his trailer into place or pitches his tent on the convenient campsite, is reminded that James Whitcomb Riley once roamed these hills, and from the generous countryside derived his poems. Here at Turkey Run State Park there is plenty to do and to view. But the atmosphere is relaxed, peaceful. There is no pressure to see it all in an hour. You'll be coming back.

The park's easy accessibility on State Highway 47, just off U.S. 41, makes it a fine overnight stop for those leaving Chicago and Indiana's lake cities after work. But it is also a place for a family vacation, ideal for children and adults alike. Here are water, woods, and paths. In springtime anemones, blue lupines, jack-in-the-pulpits and violets bloom in artless abandon. Birds flash like jewels among the dogwood blossoms.

The park gets its name from Turkey Run, the stream which flows through the "holler." The stream, according to one story, was so named because Indians roasted their turkeys

*Above left: Like all suspension footbridges, this one sways easily.
Below left: For the little fry there are pony rides in a red saddle.*



←*Visitors can fish under the covered bridge.*

here. There are many rich and homely legends about the Lusk family, which originally owned the granted land of Turkey Run along with the Newbys and Kinchen Morgan. Your host at the inn, or any of the park employees, will gladly tell you these old tales, and somehow they will add to the meaning and nostalgia of the place.

Richard Lieber, who planned the entire state park system for Indiana, was one of the benefactors who saw the value of the primeval beauty of Turkey Run and took the first steps to secure the land for the state. A shrine garden has been built here in his memory.

Besides the natural beauty which the pioneers preserved for us, the present day Turkey Run Park offers a variety of planned recreation, as well as excellent accommodations and cuisine. From bird hikes or horseback rides, to square dances and hay rides of an evening, a host of young people on spring and summer vacations find happiness here.

Under the guidance of a full-time naturalist, children learn something of botany and biology, and they keep busy pulling reeds for basket making, or splashing pollywogs in Mason jars. There is even a planned Christmas celebration, when guests at the spacious lodge sing carols and listen to the Christmas story before the fireplace.

Fall coloring brings many visitors, but spring and summer have their special appeal, and during these seasons reservations must be made in advance for lodging. In spring it is easy to find the blossoming trail of Johnny Appleseed, and it may wisely lead you to Turkey Run.

The Governor of Indiana who established Turkey Run Park directed the park commission to "preserve the natural beauty of this place to the end that here the young may find romance, older folks rest and recreation, and a renewing of the spirit through a real communion with nature."

To the Turkey Run visitor it will be clear that the Indiana State Park Commission, through the years, has followed faithfully the Governor's direction.

←*Turkey Hollow, which gave the park its name.*



Thunderbird Is Here

FORD's Thunderbird, first shown at the recent Detroit Automobile Show, is a new kind of personal car, combining the high performance of a sports car with the comfort, convenience and safety of a conventional model.

The Thunderbird's all-steel body is long, low, and of durable conventional

construction. The power plant is a new 160-hp Y-block V-8



engine. With production scheduled to start this fall, the car will be equipped with a convertible cloth top which folds completely out of sight behind the seat.

Although the Thunderbird resembles a sports car, it is a full-size vehicle and most of the major parts are interchangeable with the regular line of Ford cars. It is engineered and built so that it can be completely serviced by any of the more than 6,000 Ford dealers.

At the top of the opposite page are pictured, left to right, E. R. Breech, L. D. Crusoe, and Henry Ford II with the Thunderbird as it appears with a special composition hardtop that will be available. Inset below is a view of the car with its cloth top lowered.

The engine is of the latest short stroke, low friction design with a cylinder displacement of 256 cubic inches, a four-barrel carburetor, and dual exhausts. Steering is made easier through Ford's new ball-joint front suspension. Ford engineers say that from a standing start the Thunderbird in forty seconds will be fifty-three car lengths out in front of a conventional 1954 car.

The new model can be purchased with power steering, power brakes, four-way power seat, and power window lifts. There will be a choice of Fordomatic or standard transmission and, in the case of

either one, the selector lever or the gearshift lever will be located on the floor at the driver's right. As on other Ford cars, the clutch and brake pedals are suspended.

In addition to normal instruments, the control panel has a tachometer to record engine speed.

The Thunderbird has a 102-inch wheelbase, a 58-inch front tread, and a 56-inch rear tread. The over-all length is 175.5 inches and the curb weight is 2,837 pounds. Road clearance is 5.5 inches.

Its low silhouette is indicated by the fact that the door tops are only 33.7 inches from the ground and its overall height is 51.5 inches. The Thunderbird normally seats two passengers but the full-width seat provides accommodation for a third passenger.

Round rear bumper guards have two center spinners which serve as openings for the dual exhaust system. Tail lights are eight inches in diameter, topped by the high arched fender ends.

The Thunderbird's oval-shaped grille is covered with bright metal square mesh. Two round bumper guards rise from the wedge-shaped bumper with a center spinner in each guard, in keeping with traditional Ford grille design. Two circular parking lamps are located in the fenders directly below the headlamps.



THE AUDUBON CAMPS

by Bob Martin

LIKE most summer camps for grown-ups in this country, the three camps of the National Audubon Society operate on the principle that the way to put some learning across is to mix it with fun.

During a typical two weeks' session, for example, depending on which of the camps they attend, the men and women campers are required to tramp across meadows, through woodlands and around lake shores in Connecticut, climb slopes below and above timberline in the Sierra Nevada, or range out into the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Maine.

Such pleasant duties are imposed on them because they have come to study nature and because their teachers, whose names are among the most eminent in botany, ornithology, entomology and allied subjects, believe that Nature is her own best textbook.

A camper may arrive not knowing a piliated porpoise from an igneous vireo, but before two weeks have passed he will have learned the principles of identification of living things and have crammed all the essential data about nature that would otherwise require several lengthy college courses.

AUDUBON CAMP OF MAINE

paintings by F. Wenderoth Saunders

Situated on a 330-acre island in Muscongus Bay (background of upper picture), the Maine camp has a campus that includes the adjacent mainland, where groups with nets, bottles and tweezers go to study insect life, and islands in the Atlantic (lower picture) where the camp's two power launches take groups to study marine life. The island in the picture is Western Egg Rock, nesting ground of an incredible number of cormorants, gulls, terns and other sea birds.



If the camper is a teacher interested in spreading the gospel of conservation, he or she will have learned where to learn more. If, like many campers, he is an amateur lover of nature, he will have learned how to get more fun from the out-of-doors than he ever had before. Moreover, it will have cost less than \$100 for the two weeks and have been accomplished in superb natural settings.

Potential campers should not be misled by the name of Audubon. These camps are not merely low-cost vacations for bird watchers. Their purpose is to study nature from a scientific rather than an emotional point of view. If there's anything the teachers scorn it's the "our dear feathered friends" school of nature study.

What the campers study for two weeks, broadly speaking, is ecology—the relationship between living things and their environment, the dependence of living things on one another. They learn to tell a swallow from a swift, but what's more important, they learn how a field or stream or forest "ticks."

They learn, for example, that if man kills too many foxes, the mice on which foxes feed will become too numerous, that the mice will then do too much damage to forest seedlings, which may cause trees to die, thus leading to erosion. They learn, in other words, that sentimentality is out of place in nature, that there are no "good" or "bad" creatures, and that man must operate within natural law if he is to avoid wrecking the world he lives in.

AUDUBON CAMP OF CONNECTICUT


paintings by Harvey Kidder

The setting is four hundred and twenty-five acres in southwestern Connecticut. The building at center of upper picture is over 200 years old. In the lower picture campers are studying algae near the dam on Lake Mead, where they also swim in leisure hours. Besides Long Island Sound for marine trips, and woods and fields containing a great variety of nesting birds and four-legged creatures, the camp has access to a farm for the study of down-to-earth aspects of soil conservation.



Although the students stick to business out of choice, the session is not just two weeks of immersion in the grimmer facts of life. The campers are of such great variety that other interests naturally develop. Teachers, lawyers, mailmen, dentists and lady dancers come. There are young men from eastern colleges and young ladies from all over. Sometimes love even blossoms out, and in more than one case it has foliated into marriage.

There is a certain amount of merriment in the course of a day's work. On certain evenings the teachers and students cut loose with a few light shenanigans, such as amateur theatricals or songfests. It is an accepted fact, however, that if this extra-curricular fun were removed, the camps would breeze along merrily on the sheer enthusiasm of campers and faculty.

The point is that the Audubon people are engaged in a serious crusade, and before long the students get infected with it. If the sportsmen, school teachers, and weekenders among the campers leave with a new respect for nature and an alertness toward the job of protecting natural beauty, the Audubon people will consider their job worth the effort. 

Information about the Audubon camps in Connecticut and Maine may be obtained by writing the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y. For information about California, write the National Audubon Society, 693 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

AUDUBON CAMP OF CALIFORNIA

paintings by Louis Macouillard

This camp lies among the spectacular peaks of the Sierra Nevada near Donner Pass at a height of 7000 feet. Here, as in the Maine camp, a burning fireplace is a welcome item around breakfast time and after supper—even in July. Nature studies in this region are extremely varied because the camp is close to five different zones of climate, all of which can be reached on a single day's field trip. A short drive brings campers to the Nevada desert or to Lake Tahoe.



americamera abroad |

Europe Sees the Ranch Wagon

story and photograph by W. P. Pelz

IT's a well-known fact that we Americans often stare with curiosity, envy, and possibly admiration whenever a high-priced European luxury automobile appears on our streets. But until my wife and I took our Ford Ranch Wagon on a 6000-mile tour of the Continent last summer I never realized that people over there have equal curiosity, envy and admiration when they see such a perfect example of automotive building skill as our car.

From among the three cars we own, we chose the Ranch Wagon because we wanted to combine trouble-free motoring

with maximum luggage space—two important considerations on a long trip under travel conditions that weren't always certain. The Ranch Wagon met our requirements in every respect, which was as we expected.

The unexpected aspect of the trip was that from the moment our car was slung to the wharf where the *Queen Mary* docked at Southampton to the time it was swung into the hold of the *Queen Elizabeth* for the return trip it was constantly the object of admiring onlookers, who were deeply impressed that a car could be so handsome and at the same time so useful. Groups gathered wherever we stopped, and in Italy one day I was amused to notice that among the spectators were a barber and his fully lathered customer.

In spite of the fact that Europe has always had a tradition of spectacular luxury cars, Europeans were always commenting on the attractive design of our Ranch Wagon. They were equally interested in the amount of luggage we could carry—more in a corner of our car than they could jam into the luggage space of their largest cars even with the trunk lid open. This advantage was also the envy of Americans traveling through Europe in other makes of American cars.

In England, whenever we stopped for more than a day, the people were always marveling over the fact that we never had to tinker around under the hood of the Ranch Wagon to keep the motor going, as they always seemed to be doing with their cars.

One of our performance triumphs was the day we came up behind a fairly new Italian car (one of Europe's fastest and most powerful) on a curving road over the Alps. Its driver was a very much astonished man when I passed him before reaching the top and continued to sail along ahead of him.

The most flattering thing that happened was during our week in Paris. The owner of our hotel would come to us every day with an offer from someone to buy the car. He had a new buyer every day and every day the offer was better. On the final day he offered us an English car as an even trade—the car being handmade and worth somewhere around \$6000 new. We refused—and continued our pleasant Ranch Wagon trip through Europe.



Keith Simmons and his dulcimer

West Virginia Folk Festival—

They Make Mountain Music

story and paintings by Charles Harper

WE'RE not trying to entertain anybody," Pat Gainer warned his eager audience at the opening of the 1953 West Virginia Folk Festival. "We're only presenting, as a reminder, some fragments of a dying culture."

With this grim forecast he beckoned ninety-year-old Uncle Pat Cogar and his fiddle to the stage. The spontaneous applause that greeted Uncle Pat's "Sourwood Mountain" and "Sugar in the Gourd" would have gratified any violinist in



Aunt Mattie Long carding wool

Carnegie Hall, but Uncle Pat grumbled, "How could a feller play with a noise like that a-goin'?" and brought down the house.

Dr. Patrick W. Gainer, who teaches English literature at West Virginia University, is a soft-spoken, amiable fellow proud of his mountaineer ancestry and zealous in the preservation of mountain culture. He is widely known as a collector and singer of ballads. At the drop of an old-time fiddler's bow, he'll set you straight on the difference between hillbilly and folk music.

"The radio," he deplures, "has done much to still the voice of the folk singer and has given us instead a new creation—the commercial hillbilly singer. We've become a nation of listeners. Mothers who once sang as they went about their work now turn on the radio instead. The shaped note choir now sings tricky, jazzy, showoff arrangements; they're reluctant to sing the old

hymns. Even the old-time fiddlers now say, 'I don't play much any more—just listen to the radio.' "

In an effort to counteract this regrettable state of affairs, Gainer founded the festival. It is a one-day reunion of folk musicians, handicrafters and devotees, held annually at Glenville State College in Glenville, West Virginia, in connection with the summer course in folk literature which Gainer teaches there.

Gainer is never quite sure what his guests will do on-stage; he only knows what they *can* do, and entrusts them with the proceedings. He serves merely as a casual master of ceremonies, occasionally contributing a folk song in his own fine tenor voice.

The 1953 festival program was as informal as a corn husking. Mr. and Mrs. William Lockard, aged ninety and seventy-eight, sang together, "I'm a Poor Wayfaring Pilgrim." Aunt Mattie Long, aged eighty-three and noted for carding and spinning her own yarn, gave a tender, faltering version of "Sweet William," a Scotch ballad of love victorious over death, and told a hair-raising ghost story with overtones of science-fiction. French Carpenter fiddled "Camp Chase," a well-known favorite composed by his celebrated grandfather, "Ol' Solly" Carpenter. Ol' Solly wrote it for a fiddlers' contest staged by Union guards in Camp Chase, an Ohio prison, during the Civil War and won first prize, which was freedom.

Back in the days when folks met to sing just for recreation and the love of it, a system of teaching music by "shaped notes" was evolved. It was the special technique of traveling singing masters who settled in a community—which guaranteed payment by subscription—long enough to teach the local folk new songs. The method is simplicity itself. Each note of the scale is assigned a particular shape which thereafter determines its sound. You need only memorize the shapes and the corresponding sounds and you're ready to join the choir.

At last year's festival a group directed by Earl Hardman demonstrated how a song is learned by shaped notes. Taking their pitch from the tuning fork tapped by the choirmaster, they



ran through the song with do-re-mi's until the tune was familiar to all, then substituted the words of the lyric.

One of Gainer's prize discoveries is Keith Simons, who makes delightful music on a sixty-four-string dulcimer, a family heirloom which was damaged during a Civil War skirmish. Tapping the strings delicately with two mallets made of wool yarn wrapped on the ends of corset staves, Simons created a fragile tune lustily entitled, "The Devil's Quickstep." This, Gainer pointed out to the audience, was the same tune his father used to whistle while accompanying himself on the snare drum, but he called it "Old Aunt Jenny with the Nightcap On." Gainer further observed that a folk song is apt to be known by various titles, so if you wish to hear a certain one you must ask for it by story, not by name.

Gainer's students, appropriately clad in period costumes, rounded out the program by interpreting in lively fashion such singing games as "Four in the Boat" and "Jenny Crack Corn." Afterward everyone was invited to join the folk dancing in the gym, and to look at the quilts, rugs, guns, dishes, musical instruments and other antiques, loaned by families throughout the state, displayed in the Art Department.

Many of last year's performers, plus others, will be back for this year's program. Gainer is constantly on the lookout for new performers and new material, not only for the festival, but to rescue precious bits of mountain folklore from being completely forgotten. He takes his tape recorder with him into the hills, and often works in the fields with the menfolk to gain their confidence and become accepted socially. But he has trouble convincing some of his finds that they're good enough to perform at the festival. Others suffer last-minute stage fright. One old fiddler showed up just in time to play last year with the sheepish explanation:

"Don't feel well tonight. Wouldn'ta come if I hadn'ta taken a likin' to ye."

The 1954 festival will be held in Glenville, West Virginia, on July 1. For information write Dr. Patrick W. Gainer, West Virginia University, Morgantown, West Virginia.



The Magnolia Warbler—

a one-picture story

by Joseph Wood Krutch . . . photograph by Eliot Porter

UNCLE SAM spends a lot of money on insect control. Fortunately he has billions of helpers who never draw a pay check—such as this male magnolia warbler, photographed near Madison, New Hampshire. Warblers are seldom noticed by untrained observers. Most of them, though brightly colored, are small and jittery, and stay hidden in the leaves. Yet they are unbelievably numerous, and migrate in great flocks. The magnolia migrates from Newfoundland to Central America—quite a trip for such a small bird.

According to a moralistic nursery rhyme, “Little birds in their nests agree.” About all these four seem able to agree on is that each thinks he should have the caterpillar. ■

Northampton, Massachusetts

by Robert Martin Hodesh . . . paintings by George Cohen

THE BOOK I took down from the shelf in Forbes Library a great many years ago was "Roderick Hudson," a novel by Henry James. On the first page the author writes of a lady named Cecilia as follows:

"Her misfortunes were three in number: first, she lost her husband; second, she lost her money; third, she lived in Northampton, Massachusetts."

I am inclined to think that Cecilia had *two* misfortunes and that Henry James, not she, had the third. If she was one of those elegant elderly Yankee ladies of great pride and undamageable dignity for whom Northampton is such a perfect setting, she should have been just as happy there in the 1870's when Henry James was writing about her as I was in the 1920's and '30's when I was growing up there.

No matter how you look at it, this is a supremely likable town. It is also a famous one. Smith College and Calvin Coolidge have assured this. Besides, it is known to thousands of travelers who have stopped for lunch or dinner among the antiques at Wiggins Tavern, to many far-scattered graduates of Smith, and to many generations of ivy college boys who took their dates to Rahar's to spend sentimental hours around the big round tables, roaring the college songs.

The impression they all took away was that here is a pleasant town in New England—elms, maples, long lawns, old homes, a beautiful campus decorated by many beautiful girls, and

*Above right: Looking east over Northampton from the College Hall tower
Below right: Forbes Library—one of the best small libraries in the country*



something attractive and unruffled. Needless to say, the residents have the same impression.

They'll be celebrating their three hundredth birthday this June, which will give the historians a field day. Even if events were ignored, a history of Northampton could be written around names alone. It would probably start with Jonathan Edwards, who arrived not long after the fields had been cleared and the Indians quieted down. He was America's first important revivalist, and from the pulpit of our First Congregational Church he slipped the leash on some historic fire-and-brimstone sermons that scorched the Puritan conscience.

Finally Edwards was banished to preach among the Indians and Northampton never again had anyone quite that vigorous and grim, but through the years it accumulated some odd and interesting types. It had Dr. Sylvester Graham, an early diet enthusiast who had his own ideas about grinding flour and whose bequest is the graham cracker. It had Alexander Graham Bell, who turned to the problems of sound while teaching at the Clarke School for the Deaf, an important institution still flourishing in town. It had George Cable, whose fragile novels of Creole life aren't read much any more, but who left us a priceless street name: Dryads Green.

Jenny Lind was around long enough to look at the wide place in the Mill River and name it Paradise Pond. Mack Sennett lived there. William Powell did also, and so did Warner Oland, who later became Charlie Chan; both were actors in our theatre, the Academy of Music, which is now probably the country's only municipally-owned movie house.

That's only a small part of the list, but it shows why Northamptonians can be excused if they take famous people for granted. One Sunday morning a few years back, Ross Lee Finney, who was teaching music at Smith at the time, came down Elm Street singing a seventeenth-century version of the Doxology while his friend Carl Sandburg skipped along beside him, improvising a jig. It never even got in the paper.

Most of us who grew up there brushed against somebody



famous sooner or later. One day during the time I was "taking" piano with the late Pop Short, I went to the window just to look out and relax after finishing some Beethoven. On the sidewalk was an audience of one—an elderly lady with a mannish haircut and a sharp, intelligent face. She saw that the concert was over and continued her walk. That night her picture was in the *Gazette*. It was Gertrude Stein.

Of course we all came in contact with Northampton's biggest tourist attraction of the mid-thirties: Calvin Coolidge. Not a day passed but some driver in an out-of-state car leaned from the window and said, "Which way to Coolidge's house?" We had to learn how to direct them all to 21 Massasoit Street, Cal's house when he got back from Washington, but the tourists sometimes didn't count the streets right and would end up gazing reverently at 21 Franklin, after which they'd start the car and go on.

If they got to Massasoit, however, they were sometimes rewarded with what I consider the best picture of him: sitting on his front porch, ostensibly reading the *Daily Hampshire Gazette* but all the while cagily looking over the top of the sheet to count the carloads of people who had come by to see a former President.

Northampton isn't what you'd call an industrial place, but it has a scattering of factories, most of them ivy-covered. The two most important are the Prophylactic Brush Company, whose products have been whitening teeth and flattening hair the country over for a long time, and the McCallum Hosiery, whose nationally known nylons are advertised by a nationally known slogan: "You Just Know She Wears Them."

But the biggest ivy-covered industry by far is Smith College, which has two thousand girls. *Two thousand of them!* For a growing boy this was an overwhelming fact. Boyhood fancies, however, are not the true measure of the college's value. The main thing is that it brings to town numbers of people whose major interests in life are music, art and ideas, and this has the effect of making Northampton a more pleasant and serene



place for everyone, whether or not connected with the college. It is also one of the prime reasons why Northampton is taken seriously all over the country.

It has been taken seriously in the past seventy-five years, of course, by a huge number of young men from Amherst, Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth. The place to see the proof is the telephone booth in the front hall of Rahar's, where the college boys go to call 2700, the college number. The booth should have a picture of Cupid and his bow over it, in honor of the young men who have entered its nubbly steel walls with hopeful hearts. I understand there are now two booths, which should relieve one of Cupid's major bottlenecks.

You can't help liking such a city. It has a wide New England Main Street with interesting old stores, like the Hampshire Bookshop, and Ed Gare's jewelry shop, which has a nice old-fashioned feel to it and is one of the city's solid bulwarks against the onslaught of neon. It has a strong feeling of history, and a faint feeling of melancholy, which is characteristic of New England cities of our kind. It also still has the watering trough on King Street across the way from the Calvin Theatre. And it is the kind of place where whole families go for walks on Sunday—often along the wooded path around Paradise Pond.

I'll never forget the day I got permission to ascend the tower of College Hall. It was quite a climb, up past the clockworks, past the bells and clappers, past the turrets to the open platform on top. The view was great. The twin spires of St. Mary's were just across the way, and nearby was the single spire of Edwards Congregational. There were other steeples as well as a bit of Main Street, a house here and there, and the steeply-gabled roofs of a few college dormitories thrusting above bowers of trees. Far across the elm-dotted meadows lay the silver strip of the Connecticut River. And all around, like the sides of a bowl, the mountains rose—old mountains, green-blue, not raw like the Rockies or mysterious like the Smokies, but worn and relaxed. It was a Sunday afternoon. There were bells in the air, a breeze, and a calmness.

Thinking back to Cecilia, I wondered how anything like this could be a misfortune. No, the trouble wasn't with Northampton at all. It was with Henry James.



The Snappy Warrior

by Wyatt Blassingame

paintings by Charles Culver

THE SNAPPING TURTLE will fight anything on earth that annoys him, and he is extremely easy to annoy. Not content merely to defend himself, he advances into battle with body lifted, head out-thrust, and jaws open.

Any creature with this kind of

disposition must either be able to take excellent care of itself, or be exterminated. Since the snapper has been around for some 175 million years and is still plentiful, he obviously can take care of himself.

What makes the turtle so secure

and biologically different from other reptiles is that, somehow, he has managed to grow most of his skeleton on the outside of his body rather than on the inside. Which gives rise to the rhyme that:

Expensive elastic and rubber
girdles

Are seldom bought by female
turtles,

Whose built-in corset, from tail
to head,

Is never removed, not even in
bed.

Some scientists list four species of snapping turtles, but usually those in North America are classified as either common or alligator snappers. The first is found in ponds and rivers almost everywhere east of the Rockies, from southern Canada to Central America. The alligator snapper is confined to an area between West Texas and West Florida, and north to Missouri. The chief difference between the two is in size. The common snapper averages 15 to 30 pounds, and the biggest on record was fattened in a swill barrel to 86 pounds. The alligator snapper is even larger, the largest fresh-water turtle in America. There is an unverified report of one that weighed 219 pounds.

Dr. Raymond Ditmars, no extremist, states that "the common

snapping turtle could readily sever a man's finger, and the big alligator snapper could as easily amputate a hand."

The turtle is a cold-blooded creature. Having no built-in air conditioning his body is the same temperature as the air or water around it. A temperature of 80 degrees makes the snapper uncomfortable, and it can live in a temperature of 105 degrees for not more than half an hour.

During courtship some turtles are quite loving, in their own way: the male painted turtle grows long toenails on his front feet with which he tickles his ladyfriend under the eyes. But the snappers' courtship is about what you would expect: it consists of biting one another viciously on the legs, though sometimes couples have been seen to put their heads close together, gulp water, and blow it out through the nose, making the water boil.

More persons than just Mr. Ogden Nash have been puzzled about the sexual differences of turtles. Apparently turtles as well as their human observers are confused, for in aquariums male turtles have been seen to grapple with other males by mistake.

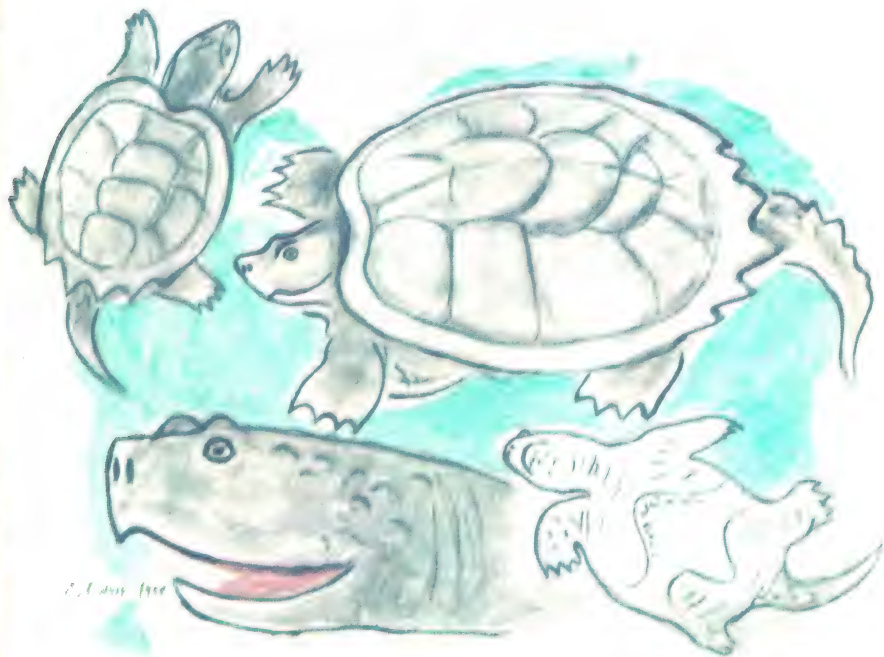
Sometime in the early summer the female snapper climbs out of her pond and waddles away looking for a place to lay her eggs. She

needs a spot exposed to open sunlight, with some moisture. Here she digs a hole, deposits about 30 to 40 eggs, covers them over with dirt and departs. The young are hatched by the heat of the sun, and if ever the mother sees one of her young she recognizes it only as a possible dinner. The eggs look surprisingly like ping-pong balls. The shells are tough and rubbery and will actually bounce if dropped.

The hatchling snapper is fair game for animals, fish and other snappers; yet when he is only half

out of his shell his character is already formed. A hatchling still partially covered by membrane will snap at a finger or twig or anything presented to it.

Many persons hate the snapper, accusing it of wholesale destruction of waterbirds and gamefish. And though a snapper can snatch a duck beneath the surface and rip it apart with beak and claw, the truth is that snappers live chiefly on small fish, insects, frogs, and the like. The reason for this: the others are more difficult to catch. ■



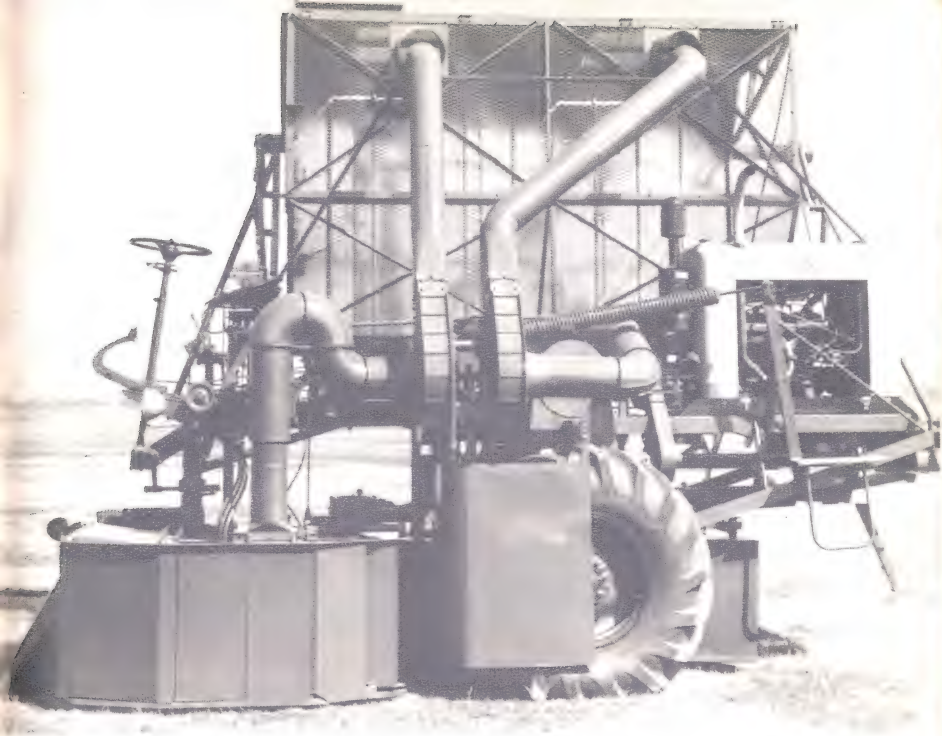


Ford Power at Work

THE photographs on these two pages have one thing in common: they show two of Ford's line of industrial engines at work, illustrating to some extent the wide range of duties performed by these compact power units.

Shown above is the NC 5 self-propelled generator set built by the Marmon-Herrington company

of Indianapolis to military specifications for the U. S. Navy, and powered exclusively by a Ford V-8 heavy-duty industrial engine. The unit is pictured performing a service for the Grumman Panther jet fighter without which it, or any other jet plane, couldn't get started. It is feeding a heavy voltage current into the plane to start turning



the jet engine mechanism. Aside from this function, the NC 5 tows planes into position on the airfields.

The other photograph shows a Ford six-cylinder heavy duty engine powering a Rust cotton picker, product of Ben Pearson, Inc., of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Many of these machines are in operation throughout the cotton belt. The model shown is a two-row, self-propelled unit that can pick approximately two acres an hour.

The manufacturer specifies this power unit because it has ample "beef" to operate the two picking mechanisms and propel the picker as well. A useful feature of this equipment is a design that permits easy removal of the engine to fill a wide variety of off-season power needs.

In both cases, the use of Ford industrial engines offers a combination of low first cost and ready availability of replacement parts through nearby Ford dealers. ■



Fort Garland—Then and Now

by Marshall Sprague

paintings by William Sanderson

WE talked about Fort Garland, and its history of blood let and scalps taken, as we drove toward it, westward over La Veta Pass on U.S. 160. It was built in 1858 by the U. S. Government to protect early Colorado settlers from the Indians. We traced the ancient trail the Utes followed on their buffalo raids to the plains, and the old stage road out of Santa Fe.

Suddenly, clearing a ridge, we forgot history. Below us stretched the vast, treeless, gray-green land-ocean of the San Luis Valley, with its incredible flatness, the breath-taking blue of the sky, and a visibility so perfect that the Continental Divide seemed only a few miles west, instead of ninety. And there was Fort Garland, sprawled at the foot of Mount Blanca.

The U. S. Army abandoned Fort Garland in 1883 because the Indians were subdued by that time. Then, as now, the fort was overshadowed by the surrounding town of the same name. Except for two filling stations and the Denver & Rio Grande depot, the town is still pure Spanish-American. The hundred-odd homes, the school, the Catholic church, the stores and cafes are built mostly of adobe. Gay red peppers decorate the ends of rafters, and some doorjambs are painted blue, the Virgin's color, to ward off devils.

It was lunch time. We ordered enchiladas and beer at Joe Gallego's Cafe. The seven other customers were cowboys in black sombreros, Mexican spurs and chaps. They spoke Spanish among themselves, but talked to us in English better

Above left: The town—Fort Garland, Colorado
Below left: Headquarters Building at the fort



← *The parade grounds*

than ours. They punched cattle on the Trinchera Estate, which entirely surrounds Fort Garland. Trinchera, they said, was once a part of a Spanish grant but was split now into two 240,000-acre ranches, the largest in Colorado.

We promised them we'd stop to see the Meder brothers for more Trinchera lore. But first we wanted to visit the old fort, reconstructed by the State Historical Society. It consists of five long, low, white buildings placed around a square parade ground in a cottonwood grove. We knocked. The door was opened by a young woman, very pretty, blond, and slender. This was Rosamond Slack, curator. She took the job two years ago temporarily, she told us, but stayed because she loved it.

"It *is* work," she added. "I sweep everything—the museum, the assembly hall, the officers' quarters. I raise the flag each day and mow the parade ground—with a power mower, of course. I spray the beaver hat with DDT every month, and I took 14,000 visitors through the museum last year."

She took us through, too. We saw thrilling dioramas of frontier life, of outlaws, pack trains and Indians. In the assembly hall we saw the thirty-seven-star American flag used at the fort when Colonel Kit Carson commanded it in 1866 and '67. In the Commander's Quarters, Mrs. Slack pointed to a floor board beneath which she believes the heads of two Mexican fanatics, the Espinosa brothers, lie buried. They never recognized the end of the Mexican War: in the 1860's they murdered thirty Americans in the Colorado Rockies. One day they were reported to be passing east of Fort Garland. Colonel Sam Tappan sent Tom Tobin up La Veta Pass to kill them. "But don't kill the wrong parties," Tappan said, "or you won't get paid."

Tobin tracked the Espinosas for four days, killed them, and brought back their heads as proof. But he didn't get paid until years later. "Government red tape," said Mrs. Slack.

She directed us to the Meders' adobe home. We found Alfred and Vincent playing checkers. Both were born at Garland when their father was the fife part of the fort's fife and drum

← *The old commissary*



← *The Spanish church, Fort Garland*

corps. Vincent talked about the Trinchera Estate.

"Some Colorado Springs millionaires owned it for years. They played polo and hauled in buffalo and antelope so their Eastern guests could hunt from an easy chair, with a bucket of champagne handy, and get a bag in no time. They sold off some of the estate for these little irrigated farms around here, and some formed the townsite of Blanca, five miles west."

Alfred picked up the thread. "You'd think two towns as small as Garland and Blanca would get together. But they're too different. Blanca people are all get-up-and-go, and hot after bathtubs and telephones. Once they even tried to make Mount Blanca the highest in Colorado. They claimed it was only forty-two feet lower than Mount Elbert—that's the highest—and they figured they could carry up enough rocks to make a pile forty-three feet high. They did build it up three or four feet before they wore out and had to quit!"

And what, we asked, were people like in Fort Garland?

"You might call them Spanish-American lazy," Alfred said, "but I call them sensible. In summer they work fairly hard raising cauliflower and potatoes and peas. In winter they sit in the sun and admire Mount Blanca, or play checkers. Once in a while they drive to Alamosa and see a movie."

We drove to Alamosa ourselves that night and stopped in at a Main Street furniture store. The owner, Kit Carson III, was as slight and soft-spoken as we imagined his world-famous grandfather to have been. But it was because of his other grandfather that we had sought him out—Tom Tobin, the man who killed the Espinosas. Kit chuckled at our question.

"I hate to contradict a fine woman like Mrs. Slack," he said. "But those heads aren't in the commander's quarters. The old stable stood east of Mrs. Slack's office, and the manure pile was alongside. If you dig there I think you'll find them."

Driving homeward next day we paused at the fort to say goodbye to Mrs. Slack, but we didn't do any digging. Perhaps, as Alfred Meder said of Fort Garland, you'd call us lazy. But we call us sensible. ■

← *Spanish cemetery outside the town*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Skyline Situated at the summit of Hogback Mountain, the dining room offers a sweeping view of the Vermont countryside. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served from 6:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. On State Highway 9 at Marlboro.

BAKED INDIAN MEAL PUDDING

10 cups milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup dark maple syrup
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Indian meal (corn meal)
2 teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs, beaten
Combine ingredients and bake in a

300° oven for 3 hours. Stir every 20 minutes after it starts to bake.

SALAD DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon garlic wine vinegar
1 tablespoon House of Herbs dash
Blend ingredients and combine sparingly with green salads. Dressing may be kept in the refrigerator.

←*painting of Skyline Restaurant by Douglas A. Jones*

←*painting of Crowley's-at-Brewster by Edward Gressley*

Crowley's-at-Brewster Patrick Crowley, owner and manager, does all of the cooking and his wife does the baking. Lunch and dinner served from noon to 9:30 p.m. Closed October 15 to the first of May. Reservations necessary. On State Highway 24 off U.S. 6 at Brewster, Massachusetts.

LOBSTER BISQUE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of lobster, chopped fine
12 tablespoons butter
1 quart milk
1 pint cream
8 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper, to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sherry Wine
Sauté lobster in 4 tablespoons butter and add wine. Melt re-

maining 8 tablespoons of butter and combine with flour into a roux. Scald milk and combine with roux in double boiler. Cook until mixture thickens. Add lobster, then cream and seasonings. Stir occasionally and bring to boiling point. Remove to low heat until served. Makes 12 portions.



Red Coach Inn The dining terrace looks out upon the tumbling, rushing waters of the upper rapids of Niagara Falls. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations. It is located in downtown Niagara Falls, New York, across from the State Park, at Main Street and Buffalo Avenue.

SWISS STEAK

3 pounds round of choice beef
1 #3 can of tomatoes
3 medium onions
1 pint fresh mushrooms
2 cloves garlic
2 cups beef stock or 2 boullion cubes
3 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon pepper

Cut round of beef into ¾ of an inch slices. Dredge slices in flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown meat slices on both sides in a hot skillet and place in a flat baking pan. Cover with sautéed onions, mushrooms, finely chopped garlic, strained tomatoes and 2 cups beef stock or 2 boullion cubes dissolved in 2 cups of hot water to cover. Bake in a 350° oven 1½ to 2 hours. Serves 6.

←*painting of Red Coach Inn by Pete Gilleen*

←*painting of Twin Oaks by Charles Banks Wilson*

Twin Oaks Tea Room A pair of giant oak trees flank this tea room at 1337 South Boston Avenue, Tulsa, Oklahoma (near U.S. 66). Lunch is served from 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. and dinner from 5:30 p.m. to 8:00 p.m., except Saturday and Sunday. Closed during the month of August.

CORN BREAD STICKS

1 cup buttermilk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ cups white corn meal
¼ cup flour
2 eggs

Mix ingredients in order listed. Heat cast iron corn stick pan until

it is red hot. Grease well. Pour in mixture and place under broiler about 4-5 inches from heat for approximately five minutes. Makes about one dozen. Another method is to pour batter in a hot skillet and bake in a very hot oven. When done cut in squares or pie-shape pieces.



Canary Cottage is located at 207 High Avenue East, in Oskaloosa, Iowa. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served, except Monday. Closed the first two weeks of August. Turn off U.S. 63 and State Highway 92 at Green's Ford Garage and go one block south and one-half block west.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1 cup thick sour cream
2 eggs
1 tablespoon vanilla
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cocoa
1 cup hot water
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cake flour
1 teaspoon each: baking powder and soda
Cream butter and sugar together, first sifting brown and white sugar together. Add cream, eggs and vanilla. Mix cocoa and hot water and let cool. Add to

mixture alternately with sifted flour, soda and baking powder, beating after each addition. Pour into greased 10 x 14 loaf pan. Bake in 300° oven for 1 hour.

FUDGE FROSTING

Melt a $\frac{1}{2}$ -pound chocolate bar, 3 tablespoons Karo syrup, 1 cup cream and 2 tablespoons butter together in a double boiler. Remove from heat. Add 2 pounds powdered sugar. This makes enough frosting for 8 cakes. Store unused frosting in refrigerator and it is always ready for use. Simply warm and spread on cake.

←*painting of Canary Cottage by Sydney Fossum*

←*painting of Ruth's Oven by Frank Train*

Ruth's Oven, owned and managed by Ruth Wickersham, has grown in 16 years from a small home bakery to one of the top restaurants in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day in the main dining room and the Garden Room. One block west of intersection of U.S. 85-87 and U.S. 24, at 220 N. Tejon Street.

BAKED HAM LOAF

1 pound ground smoked ham
1 pound ground beef
1 pound ground pork
1 cup bread crumbs
1 egg
1 8-ounce can tomato purée or juice
Tomato sauce or grilled pineapple slices, for garnish
Combine ham, beef, pork, bread crumbs, egg and tomato purée. Form

into a loaf pan. Steam for 1 hour and bake in 350° oven for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve with tomato sauce or grilled pineapple slices. Makes 16 portions.

RUTH'S POTATO PUFFS

Combine 1 cup cold mashed potatoes, 1 cup cold cooked rice, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup flour and 1 tablespoon grated onion. Drop from teaspoon into hot fat and fry like doughnuts.

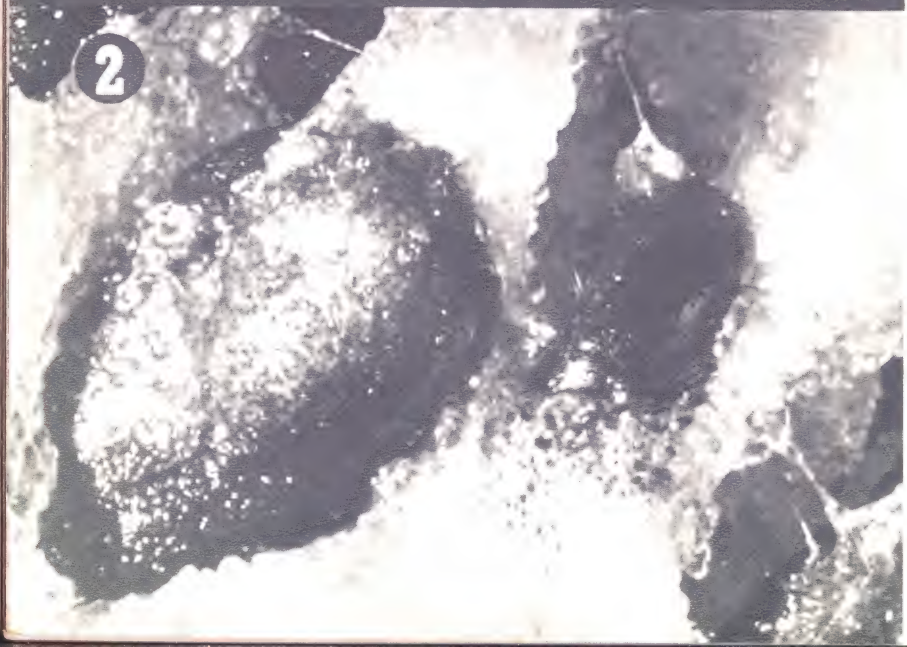
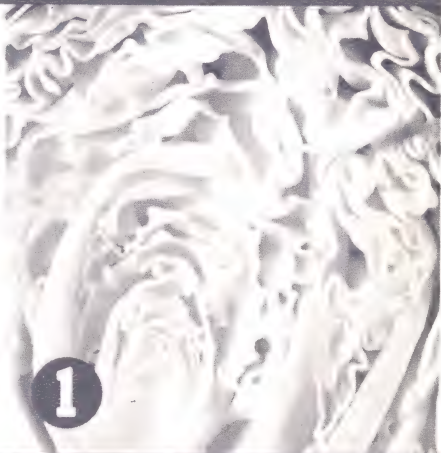
GAME SECTION

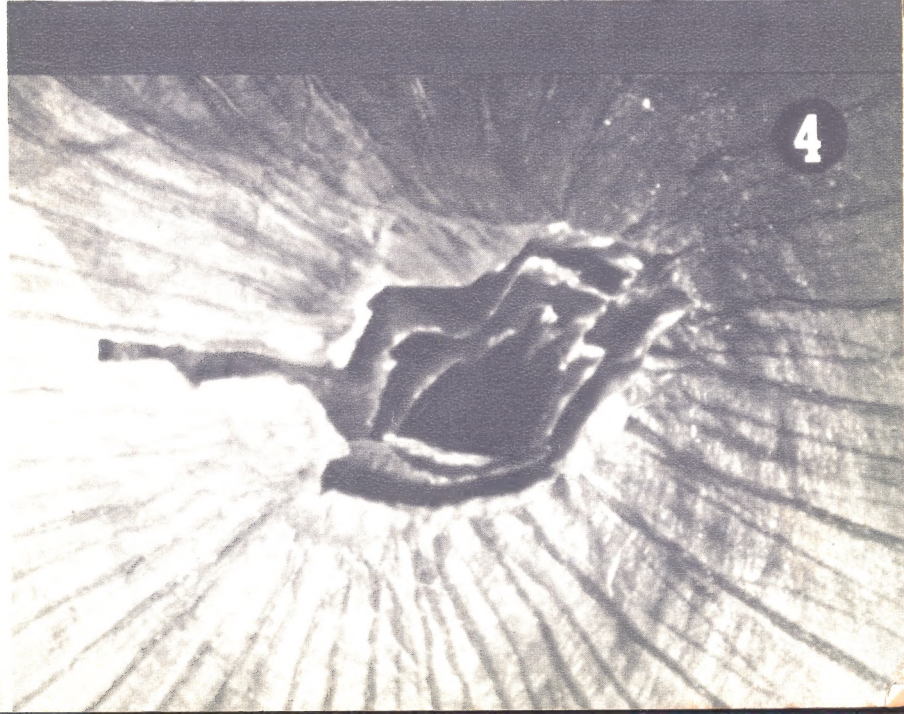
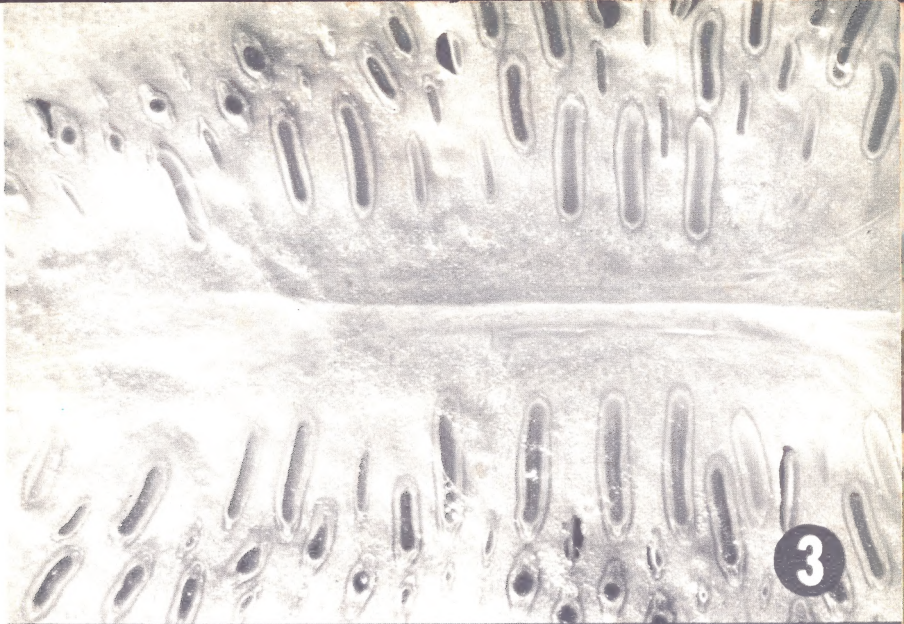
What Is It?

You might meet any one of these objects in your garden, or if you're not the outdoor type, you would find them at dinner. Answers below.

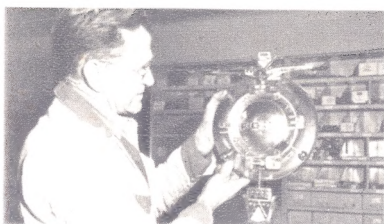
photos by Clyde McClary

1. Brussels sprout
2. Watermelon
3. Yellow crookneck squash
4. Red onion





Letters



Dear Sirs: L. A. Baker, a body and fender man at Mason Motors, Ford dealer in Longview, Washington, made the clock which he is holding

in the enclosed picture almost entirely from Ford car and truck parts. Repairer of clocks as a hobby, Baker took the works of an old clock and built this one in nine months in his spare time. The base is a '53 hubcap, the main numerals were taken from the Ford truck series, the smaller numerals are dashboard insignia, the pendulum is the Ford crest medallion, and most of the other items are from the '53 Ford. Baker estimates the retail value of all the parts, exclusive of works, at \$15.73.

STANTON H. PATTY
Longview, Washington

NEW NOTE IN WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

Dear Sirs: We were all interested in your story "Pocahontas Drive-In" (January FORD TIMES) but the superstition that a woman in a mine is bad luck has been dealt a body

blow. Out in Roundup, Montana, the president of the Bair-Collins Company is Mrs. Lillian M. Gildroy, and by her own admission she goes into the mine regularly—and wears white shoes while there.

T. W. KIENLEN
National Coal Association
Washington, D. C.

Editor's Note: The January issue of the Ford Times contained a story describing the Cambria Inclined Plane, at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, with a pitch of 35 degrees, as the world's steepest railway. The statement was challenged by a number of readers. Excerpts from some of their letters follow:

Dear Sirs: The Royal Gorge Railway of Canon City, Colorado, has a 45-degree grade.

R. V. ASPINWALL
Freeport, Illinois

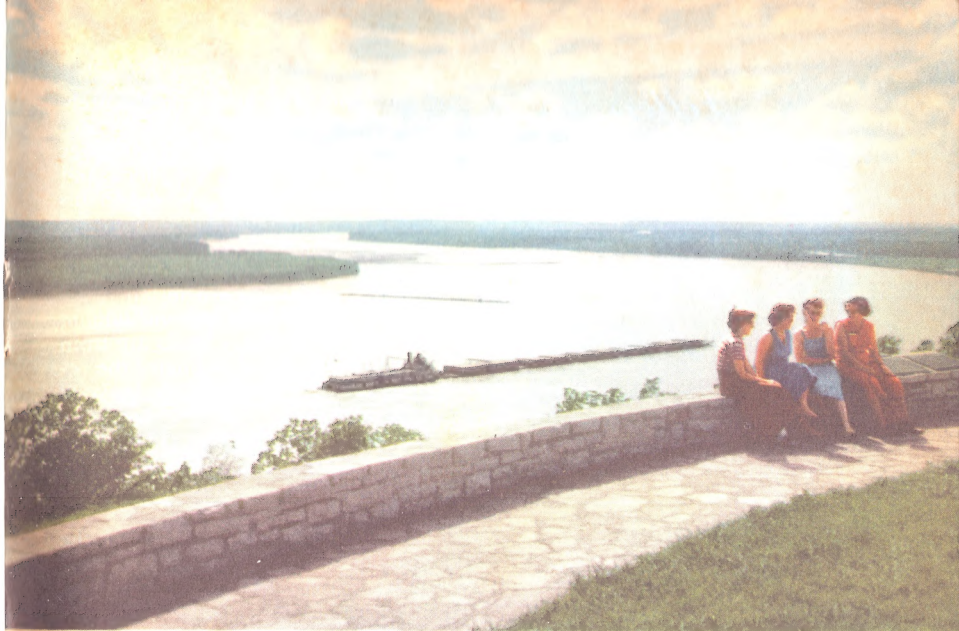
... The Lookout Mountain Incline rises 1400 feet in its 5000-foot length, which is a grade of over 36 degrees. Because of this hair-raising angle, the

passengers in the astradome-roof cable car can look right through the top and see the Chattanooga and Tennessee rivers far below. The Incline is part of our city transit system and carries half a million people a year.

J. T. HALLADAY
Chattanooga, Tennessee

... The cable railways from Lucerne, Switzerland, to Kriens Mountain and Guetsch Mountain have a maximum incline of 42.5 degrees and 53.1 degrees, respectively, and the one leading from Pontresina to Muottas Muraigl has a 53.8-degree slant.

ERNEST MAASS
Forest Hills, New York



photograph by Grover Brinkman

A QUICK GLANCE at the map will show the average person that Illinois lies east of the Mississippi, the river forming the state's western boundary. A closer examination, however, will reveal that this is not strictly true. About fifty miles south of St. Louis is Kaskaskia Island, shown in the upper left background of the above picture. A town on it, the first capital of Illinois, was founded as a Catholic Mission in 1703, but it was destroyed late in the nineteenth century when the Mississippi broke through land near its confluence with the Kaskaskia River. The resulting island, lying close to the river's west bank, is still part of Illinois. There is a new town of Kaskaskia in the middle of it. ■

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Front cover—With the approach of summer and the big Family Trip, we Brownie-laden travelers are bound to note that artist Charles Harper is poking fun at our vacation snapshots.

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.